

The Horse.

LONGFELLOW AS A SIRE.

In summing up the results of the last season's racing, it appears that Longfellow stands near the head of winning sires. The performance of his get is a lesson which breeders of all classes of stock may well study. A horse of the highest breeding himself, he maintained the honor of the blood he represented in many a hard fought battle on the turf. He started in 16 races, and won 14 of them. One of those he lost was the one in which he broke down, caused by the breaking of his shoe, one part of which struck his leg, cutting it to the bone. His competitor was Harry Bassett, whom he had previously beaten and would have done so again but for that accident. After his breaking down he was put in the stud by his owner and breeder, Mr. John Harper, of Kentucky, now dead. He is now owned by Mr. F. B. Harper, a nephew. For some years he was rather neglected, and did not get many good mares, but some of his colts showing up well, this gradually changed, and he is now regarded as one of the greatest of living sires. He has produced a number of excellent horses and a few that can be called great, such as Freedom, Leonatus and Flora. The first named of these, Freedom, started in 13 races the past season, was first eight times, second three times and third once, winning \$23,615. The get of Longfellow this season won \$64,194. In some of his races Freedom was clearly out of condition.

Longfellow was a great racehorse himself, and his sire, imported Leanington, was one also. His dam was Nantura, the grand-dam of the great Ten Brook. Longfellow, in the race for the Saratoga cup in 1871, when he beat Kingfisher, ran the first mile in 1:40, the best time on record and only surpassed since by Ten Brook's 1:39. He was a winner, bred from winners on both sides, and is producing winners. This is the rule in breeding, although the science has not yet been brought to a point where there will not be many exceptions.

OVERFEEDING OF DRAFT HORSES.

The overfeeding of draft horses for exhibition purposes, which is being carried to a pernicious extent in this country, is beginning to attract the attention of those interested in the Clydesdale in Scotland. It is a fruitful cause of damage to the breeding powers of the animals, thereby entailing loss upon their owners and those who avail themselves of their services. How a reform is going to be inaugurated in the system of overfeeding such animals it is difficult to see. Fat, like charity, covers a multitude of sins, and so long as fat animals are allowed in the ring, just so long will they carry off the prizes offered. At a number of the fairs we attended the past season, draft stallions were shown so covered with fat that they were as unwieldy as elephants. The owner would be asked by some of the crowd always surrounding the biggest and fattest horse, how much he weighed, and if it was in the neighborhood of a ton it settled everything in the eyes of the spectators. If it had been a bullock fitted for the block this would have been all right, but in the case of a stallion whose value depends entirely upon his breeding qualities, it was all wrong. There is no disposition to find fault with a horse simply because he is large and weighs heavily; but the weight should be made up of bone and muscle in the case of a breeding animal, not fat. Fat is dead animal tissue, and when present in too large amounts the animal is really in a state bordering upon disease. The produce of such animal, as a rule, cannot be as sound, healthy and vigorous as if its sire was a well developed animal in fair flesh. Let those who are interested in draft stock in Michigan, and who have foresight sufficient to see the natural result of the present system must have upon the future of their business, think out a way of remedying this evil. If not, in a few years the present demand for large draft horses will most assuredly cease, from the failure of their offspring to meet the expectations of those who have bred to them.

Horse Gossip.

Urbana, Ill., Dec. 20th, has been purchased by Mr. Wm. Rockefeller, of New York City, for \$5,000, and will be driven on the road by her new owner.

The only surviving colts of Goldsmith Maid are the stallion Stranger and the filly Roebuck, the latter being named after the daughter of Budd Doble, who trained and drove the mare during her turf career.

The Journal Canadian is responsible for the following item: "As the Clydesdales trace back their origin, on one side to Flanders, and as the progenitors of the Percheron were supposed to have come originally from the same province, it is not impossible that there is kindred blood flowing in the veins of these great rival breeds."

The Minnesota Association of Trotting and Pacing Horse Breeders held a meeting last week, and elected the old officers, with Commodore Kittson as President. It was resolved to fix the maturity of the foals at the place of foaling instead of at the yearling sale. This action is directly opposed to the action of the Northwestern Breeders at the Chicago meeting.

The London Live Stock Journal says: "Gray is a color which is promising to become fashionable among draft horse breeders. The gray horse, be it noted, is the favorite horse of art, also of the general public, and we would like to see it better esteemed in the show-ring. Special prizes should be given for horses of special colors, such as blue-eyes and grays, in order to encourage breeders to institute

families of such. The gray is always stylish, and, as a rule, of higher stature."

The Chicago Tribune says: "The Chicago Horseman is at a loss to know whether fine horses or cattle pay best. If the question is whether riding or trotting horses pay better than pedigreed cattle of Shorthorn, Hereford, and Angus blood of beef cattle, or Jersey, Guernsey, Ayrshire or Holstein among dairy cattle, there is no doubt but cattle carry the palm. If draft horses and fine driving or light and heavy coach horses are meant, it might be an open question."

The first annual meeting of the Ohio Association of Trotting Horse Breeders was held at Cleveland December 9th, and was well attended. Six new stakes were offered—for two year olds, three year olds, four year olds, 2:35 class stallions, and free-for-all stallions—each to close Feb. 1; \$500 entrance, \$300 added, to be trotted at the Cleveland fall meeting, which begins Sept. 14. A stake for horses bred this year, \$500 entrance, \$300 added, was also offered. It closes Feb. 1, and is to be trotted in the fall of 1888. The rules were amended so that hereafter only members can make entries, and so that no distance will be recognized in any of the colts races. The new members were elected and the following officers chosen: President, C. F. Emery, Cleveland; Vice President, L. G. Delano, Chillicothe; Treasurer, H. P. Wade, Jefferson; Secretary, W. B. Faig, Cleveland; Members of Executive Committee—D. W. Thomas, Parisville; L. G. Delano, Chillicothe, and H. P. Wade, Jefferson. Board of Censors—Prof. T. Armstrong Mount Vernon; J. T. Riddle, Ravenna; F. B. Williams, Cleveland; S. B. Perkins, Cleveland; S. Toomer, Canal Dover.

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The Farm.

CORN IN MICHIGAN.

A Report From Cass County.

Jones, Dec. 14, 1885.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I saw in the issue of the FARMER of Dec. 8th, the request of J. Dimon, to hear from the farmers of Michigan on the subject of raising corn. I herewith give briefly our method of raising corn. The kind of soil is always to be taken into consideration first. Our land is a heavy clay loam, having once been covered with heavy timber, and is quite rolling. Would plow eight to ten inches deep, harrow the ground well, "cross off" three feet eight inches each way, and plant from the 5th to the 15th of May, the season, weather and condition of the ground to be taken into consideration. We have planted as early as the 1st, and this year as late as the 17th of May, and had equally as good corn this year as when we planted on the 1st of May. As to the kind of corn I would only raise the eight-rowed yellow when obliged to plant very late, and on either very light soil, or else for first crop after clearing, but will say that for early feeding or "hogging down" it is an excellent variety. The corn which we raise here is known locally as the Ohio, has a smooth long kernel, and with eighteen to twenty-eight rows on the cob, and the ear is ten to twelve inches in length, and is not of the "gourd seed" kind, and I would say that it is the best corn for Michigan.

The above is respectfully submitted to the consideration of the progressive farmers of Michigan, for it is those who are readers of the MICHIGAN FARMER.

Very truly,
SUBSCRIBER.

The Best Kind for Montcalm County.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I saw in the last issue of your valuable paper an inquiry by Mr. J. Dimon, what kind of corn was considered the best variety to grow in Michigan; he also wishes the farmers of Michigan; to express their views on the best variety to grow. I, for one, would say by my experience the medium eight-rowed yellow or the eight-rowed white glaze, or smut, nose, the latter the best of the two, for it is earlier. I have raised it for sixteen years and find it the earliest of all. Two years ago when we had an early frost here in Michigan, the white smut nose was ripened nearly all sound, when all other kinds were nearly all soft. Nearly all of the farmers here in Montcalm County grow the dent corn; the con. sequences are nearly all soft corn this year. I grow the white smut and yellow, and some dent, but mostly white. I would not depend on the dent alone, for the seasons are too short here in Michigan for it to get ripe one year out of three. Let us hear from other brother farmers.

J. B. CASE.

Experience in Lenawee County.

LENAWEE COUNTY, Dec. 15, 1885.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I have read the letter of Mr. J. Dimon in your issue of the 8th inst., asking the farmers of Michigan to express their views on the best varieties of corn to raise in this State, one year with another; and though I do not count myself very good authority, I trust it will do no harm to give my experience for the last few years, as I have experimented a good deal with the different varieties, for the purpose of finding out just what Mr. Dimon asks for.

The first great point to gain in this county, has been to get a variety early enough to insure its ripening, even with an unfavorable season.

The failure of the corn crop of 1883 is not forgotten, and this last year just closed came near being like it, for a large percentage of our corn of 1885 is "soft corn."

The second important point is a variety that will yield the most pounds of shelled corn with the other quality. I have just put to as good a test as I can, four varieties of field corn, having in view the two points mentioned above, viz: The White Cap dent, the Leaming, the Alderman dent, and the old well known eight-rowed early yellow corn.

variety in this country, for its being early and very prolific. It yielded for me this year with a fair cultivation 80 bushels of ears of sound corn to the acre.

The Alderman dent is a new variety of yellow dent corn, good size, and planted the same day as the White Cap, was ripe even with it, and yielded close to 100 bushels of ears to the acre.

The Leaming I found fully fifteen to twenty days later, but as the frost held off very late in our county it ripened fairly well; about 60 per cent of it was fit to crib, and yielded me with the same care as the others and all else equal, 127 bushels of ears to the acre, all told.

The eight-rowed yellow I found ripe in August, but as I only planted a small patch of this I did not get at the yield per acre in ears, but will say for it that it was ripe so early, that planted by the side of the Leaming, it did not mix at all, and the ears were of immense length and very beautiful.

To satisfy myself as to the second point, I took a bushel of ears and weighed it, of the Alderman dent, and found it to be just 43 lbs. I then put into the basket just the same number of pounds of ears of each of the others, and then shelled each and weighed the shelled corn, thus showing just the amount of cob for each thrown away. The following is the result:

	Ears.	Corn.	Cob.
Right rowed yellow.....	43 1/2	35 1/2	7 3/4
Alderman dent yellow.....	43 1/2	35 1/2	7 3/4
White Cap dent white.....	43 1/2	35 1/2	7 3/4
Leaming dent yellow.....	43 1/2	35 1/2	7 3/4

From these figures it will be seen that these are all good varieties of corn, and I have concluded to hold to two at least of them for another year's trial, viz., the Alderman dent and the White Cap. And if it should happen that next spring is favorable for early planting, I may put in a small piece of the Leaming, but although it yields the most bushels, and equal to any in shelled corn, I would not dare risk it for all seasons as they run, unless perhaps it might be improved by selecting the earliest and most perfect ears each year for seed, an experiment I should like to make.

The eight-rowed yellow I shall keep ready to plant in warm years or for any other cause make it necessary.

I have raised the White Cap for a good many years, the Alderman dent for three years, the others only last year. I believe the two former are either both safe and very prolific varieties. The Leaming has only the one fault, that of being too late a variety to rely upon, one year too late.

S. B. MANN.

Oakland County Experience.

BIRMINGHAM, Dec. 9, 1885.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

In an article on corn growing by J. Dimon, he calls on farmers to name the best variety of seed corn. It was something upon which I wished to write, and will take this occasion.

Through good report and evil report, I have persisted in raising the medium sized red cobbed dent, for it is nice when you get it. In looking back the last ten years, how many good crops of sound, first class corn have I had? Not over four.

A neighbor has been raising the King Philip all this time, and never had a failure, and considers 125 bushels a fair average per acre, in that time. This year he planted on shares about ten acres of our land to this variety, and the yield is over 100 bushels per acre of sound corn. Another neighbor planted balance of field to dent at same time, and gave it better cultivation; yield 60 bushels per acre—mostly soft corn. I planted twenty acres of dent same time—yielded 70 bushels, one-third soft. The first one's method is to plant in rows three feet apart, two or three kernels in hill. Of course the seed must be good, as with any variety, to insure success. This kind is a less drain upon the fertility of soil, and in husking is hard to tell which makes the larger pile, the corn or stalks. It can be handled easily, if one wishes to draw into barn or sheds for rainy days. The ears are very long and cob not large. I have the seed saved in a warm room, and have piled it up like stove wood. The point I wish to make is that the climate has so changed, that it is not safe nor desirable to risk our whole crop on the dent variety; nor is it best to exhaust the soil in raising so many stalks for so little grain. The kind mentioned is valuable, and most of the farmers in this vicinity will plant it the coming spring.

Yours truly,
J. W. PRABODY.

Prevailing Varieties in Kent County.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Attention has been called relative to the best variety of corn to be grown in this State. The eight rowed yellow corn has been superseded by the dent varieties. The very large, late maturing dent corn has failed to mature in this township, hence said variety has been quite generally discarded, and the sheep-tooth or pony-dent, mixed somewhat with a larger variety of dent corn, is preferred. However, some farmers prefer the pony-dent, on account of its early maturity, amount of grain and small cob. Farmers who have planted this variety of corn in 1885 have been fortunate in securing a corn crop this year. We have objected to this variety because we considered it too small; therefore we preferred to mix the sheep-tooth dent with a larger variety of corn which has given us more bushels of corn per acre.

Yours truly,
J. L. B. K.

Good Suggestion to Swine Growers.

The suggestion below is from Prof. Dodge, of the National Department of Agriculture:

There is a chance for enlargement of home consumption among the people of towns and cities whose sedentary occupation and indoor life have weakened digestion and rendered fastidious and capricious their alimentary preferences. The heavy hog, loaded with the carbonaceous burden of the oleaginous corn, in which your packers so much delight, and which are the special pride of the opulent pork land-China man who grows them, are not largely used in competition with beef and

mutton by a large class of the denizens of cities; they prefer a slice of delicately cured breakfast bacon, from a carefully pastured pea-fed shorth of 300 pounds, grown in the open air between the first days of spring and the coming of winter. I would not be understood to say that a modicum of corn in the frosty autumn would do them any damage, but I would have them develop a healthy muscle in cropping their own grass and securing their own forage, which should be always abundant. They should be moderately plumped without being plethoric. They should die in full vigor of health, and not stand in constant danger of death by fatty degeneration, or asthmatic smothering, or the insidious and dreaded cholera. Their vigor should not even allow a place to a suspicion of morbid tendency. There are some growers and curers of such bacon who obtain prices far in advance of the average price of pork products. There is room for many more, and a demand which is surely growing for a product which can be relied on by a large class of customers. A material enlargement of consumption, at a substantial profit, can be made by intelligent and systematic effort in this direction.

A Preventive of Hog Cholera.

A correspondent claiming large experience in growing swine, contributes to one of our exchanges in Missouri his specific against the ravages of this disease as a preventive. He says: "Construct a long deep trough, and keep it supplied with strong wood ashes and slacked lime, with the reasonable amount of salt and attract the hogs to it by slopping them there. If this is kept up the hogs will never have cholera, as I saved mine (and I had several hundred) when my Chariton neighbors lost all they had. If farmers will pay attention to these suggestions hog cholera would disappear forever."

The following preparation applied to the surface will prevent any rusting on plows or any other metal surfaces which it is desirable to prevent from rusting: Melt one ounce of resin in a gill of lard oil, and when hot mix with two quarts of kerosene oil. This can be kept on hand and applied in a moment with a brush or rag to the metal surface of any tool that is not going to be used for a few days, preventing any rust and saving much vexation when the time comes to use it again.

Agricultural Items.

Dr. C. A. GORSEMAN, of Massachusetts, thinks following is a wasteful process. A year's time is lost, and there is also a loss of plant food going on in a bare soil exposed to the heat and rain of summer. Many farmers combat this theory, however.

Testing and marking sheep, to aid the stockmaster in grading his flock, so as to enable him to know which ones should be sold first, is not sufficiently practiced among stockmen. Yet it is a system which would work great good to the sheep interest. By this method the owner always knows the value of each sheep, and this is a great advantage to him in culling and sorting his flocks. —National Stockman.

SAYS N. J. Shepherd, in the Kansas Farmer: "The only cure for low prices is to increase the yield. With present yields and present prices it requires good management to be able to realize a profit. We can only increase the yield by enriching the soil, giving more thorough proportion and more complete cultivation. In proportion as we increase the fertility we can hope to increase the yield, and in doing this we can reduce the cost per bushel so as to be able to realize a profit."

The Connecticut Farmer evidently does not take much stock in carp, the "food fish" so persistently boomed by those who have them to sell. The Farmer says: "Given a fair bait, he can say the multiplication table backward in seven different languages. He is as gamey as a printing office towel, and, according to the most reliable accounts, as toothsome as a sawdust pie. But we confidently commend him to farmers in possession of a convenient mudhole and wishing to topdress their lands with him three or four years hence."

C. O. ELMS, who read an essay on corn culture before the New England Farmers' Club, said: "Corn that is stockered makes finer and softer meal than corn that has been topped. The latter is hardened by exposure to the sun and weather. We have proved it at our mill. Last week some of my corn, one year old, was ground after corn one year top ped; the screw was raised two threads for mine, and then made finer and softer meal. The miller said he had noticed that stockered corn always made the finest and softest meal."

The Maryland Farmer says that Prof. Law, of Cornell University, caused some cows to drink several days from a stagnant pool of water that existed in a swale, and then examined the milk and found it full of living organisms. Then the water from the pool was examined and the same little living germs were found. Then the cows were examined, and they were found to be in a feverish condition, the heat of the blood being charged with this living animalcule. Then some pure milk was taken and some of the pond water put with it, and these same germs multiplied within a few hours so as to take full possession of the milk. After this test no one can dispute that living organisms may be introduced into milk by the using of improper food and drinks. It also shows that there is a close relation between good, pure water and fine and good keeping dairy products.

W. I. CHAMBERLAIN, Secretary of the Ohio State Board of Agriculture, says of the Bohemian cats business: "A cat's nine lives are nothing to the vitality of this swindle. It has been proved to be a swindle in county after county of Ohio, but the next year the swindle would 'boob up serenely' is a remote part of the State. At least I regret to see the swindlers have gone to New York and Michigan." Mr. Chamberlain endorses the statements of the editor of the Chagrin Falls (O.) Exponent, whose letters were recently published in the FARMER, as correct, and speaks highly of the editor, whose work in behalf of the farmers of Ohio was recognized by them in his election to the State Legislature.

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The Poultry Yard.

BRONZE TURKEYS.

Warren, Mich., Dec. 14, 1885.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

There has been such an eager demand for our Bronze turkeys this fall that all we have to spare are sold. The people are waking up to the fact that a good flock of turkeys is a source of easy revenue, being a positive benefit to the farm in clearing the pastures of grasshoppers and crickets. Besides the care they cost but very little until the middle of October, when they should be well fed so the earlier ones may be ready for Thanksgiving market.

The prices of pure Bronze gobblers as advertised in the FARMER are so low that no one can afford to keep a common gobbler for nothing, as the Bronze will add from three to five pounds each to the whole flock raised.

L. C. DRAKE.

Chicken Cholera.

T. B. Spalding, in the Poultry Monthly, says:

"I have lately been successful in saving every case of chicken cholera, and the report of one case will cover all, as cause, symptoms, treatment and cure were identical."

"A fine buff cock, during his moult in July, became stupid, ceased to associate, stopped crowing, comb turned blue, walked weakly, soon sat down, trembled, looked frightened, discharges were frequent, forefeet, yellowish, frothy, then green, and finally white, which indicated the loss of albumen from the blood, together with mucus from the lining membrane of the bowels. Well, surely here was a case of what is called sporadic or spontaneous cholera. The case originated in my own yard from heat, moulting, and consequent debility. The cock is worth fifty dollars, and I must cure him—I did it. I put him apart in the shade, gave him fresh water with oil cake in it, and medicated him as follows: Took a biscuit, softened it in sweet milk, and worked into it a teaspoonful of ground oyster shell, one of sulphur, with one drop of carbolic acid, and one-fourth teaspoonful of ground black pepper, divided into pieces the size of a peanut with hull on, and gave one-fourth of the whole biscuit every three hours; opened his mouth and put it well down his throat in the size and shape of a peanut."

"He and five or six others thus treated got well at once. As soon as discharges improved, I fed on milk and bread, and finally on soft food. I have seen chickens devour crushed China plate and pounded glass and get well of diarrhoea from this. I led me to prescribe the ground oyster shell. I have no faith in the 'Douglas Mixture,' because it is irrational. The fowl gets too much acid, and too much iron, both of which are absolutely injurious to an inflamed intestinal mucous membrane. Iron compounds only one one-thousandth part of the blood, and is never indicated in inflammatory indigestion, or intestinal irritation. Instead of the Douglas Mixture, ten grains of powdered lactate, or carbonate of iron, added to each ten pounds of soft food once daily, two or three large spoonfuls of ground oyster shell, or granulated bone meal, sulphur, salt and pepper, in scalded bran, scoria, and cornmeal, or crushed wheat, corn and oats, will prove vastly more rational and successful in keeping fowls healthy, or curing them if the digestion is once disordered. Above all, look out for lice."

Fattening Poultry.

Two weeks is sufficient time in which to fatten fowls for the market. But this demands conformity to certain conditions. The fowls should not have full liberty. At this time it is not economy to give them opportunity for exercise. It is desirable that all the food taken should be used to make fat, not for strength of muscle. From eight to twelve may be shut in a small room together, where there will be nothing to disturb them. If the room should be partially darkened, all the better. Let the birds have complete repose; let all their powers work toward digestion. The quickly-fattened fowl is tender and moist juicy. If no suitable room is available, a large coop may be constructed, with feeding troughs outside. It is important that the feed should be clean, sweet and abundant. For this reason it should not be placed so that they will run over it or defile it. The object is to have the birds cram themselves, sit down quietly and digest, then cram again, and so on to the end of the chapter. Now, if they are confined in a coop having a tight bottom, the place will soon become intolerably filthy. There should be openings or wide spaces in the floor that may be cleaned often then covered with sawdust, or some other suitable litter. Kept in this condition, the fowls will take four square meals in a day.

If there should be a quarrelsome one in the lot, it should be separated from the rest. Such a fowl will prevent the others from eating to the full and disturb the quiet which is necessary to the rapid digestion of the food. Fighting tends to leanness. Even scolding will use up food and prevent an oily, rotund condition.

There is no better food for fattening purposes the world over than sweet, finely-ground corn meal wet up with skimmed milk. The mixture need not be so dry as when meal is mixed with water. There is no danger that fowls will get waterlogged on milk. Some poultryeers feed buckwheat meal, thinking that it renders the poultry better in flavor. There is no objection to mixing one-third buckwheat meal with the corn meal, as a change. The mixture should be seasoned with a spoonful of salt each day. Fowls that have dough for their water will not require much water, yet fresh, pure water should be supplied, that they may drink when they thirst.—Kansas Farmer.

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MADE IN MICHIGAN. No. 414, 1885.

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MICHIGAN FARMER

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The Michigan Farmer

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JOHNSTONE & GIBBONS.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market

the past week amounted to 179,145

bu., against 138,540 bu., the previous

week and 89,083 bu. for corresponding

week in 1884. Shipments for the week

were 29,093 bu., against 15,993 the

previous week, and 46,455 the corresponding

week in 1884. The stocks of wheat

now held in this city amount to

2,042,990 bu., against 1,836,075 last

week and 493,915 bu. at the corresponding

date in 1884. The visible supply of this

grain on December 12 was 58,149,717 bu.,

against 56,995,658 the previous week,

and 41,809,779 bu. at corresponding date in

1884. This shows an increase over the

amount reported the previous week of

1,154,059 bu. The export clearances for

Europe for the week ending December 19

were 161,653 bu., against 237,676 the

previous week, and for the last eight

weeks they were 2,125,535 bu. against 3,

530,927 for the corresponding eight weeks

in 1884.

Since Tuesday last, when there was

quite a strong tone to the market, there

has been a downward tendency in the

values of all grades of both spot and

futures. War rumors were scarce, the

"visible supply" showed a large increase,

and the approach of the holidays, all

conspired to make a dull and weak

market. At the close of the week No. 1 white

was quoted at 90c, and No. 2 red at 91c,

the lowest points touched for a long time.

Yesterday this market opened weak,

and continued so all day for spot and

near futures, while late futures were steady

and closed higher than on Saturday.

Chicago was irregular, opening steady

under liberal purchases, weakening, and

then closing strong at an advance from

Saturday. No. 3 spring closed at 89c,

No. 3 do. at 90c, and No. 3 red at 78c,

Toledo was dull and steady. Liverpool

was dull and unchanged; Mark Lane dull,

with a despondent feeling in foreign

wheats, and values tending downwards.

The following table exhibits the daily

closing prices of spot wheat from Dec. 1

to Dec. 21:

No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
White, red, red.		
Dec. 1.....	91 1/4	90 3/4
" 2.....	91 1/4	90 3/4
" 3.....	91 1/4	90 3/4
" 4.....	91 1/4	90 3/4
" 5.....	91 1/4	90 3/4
" 6.....	91 1/4	90 3/4
" 7.....	91 1/4	90 3/4
" 8.....	91 1/4	90 3/4
" 9.....	91 1/4	90 3/4
" 10.....	91 1/4	90 3/4
" 11.....	91 1/4	90 3/4
" 12.....	91 1/4	90 3/4
" 13.....	91 1/4	90 3/4
" 14.....	91 1/4	90 3/4
" 15.....	91 1/4	90 3/4
" 16.....	91 1/4	90 3/4
" 17.....	91 1/4	90 3/4
" 18.....	91 1/4	90 3/4
" 19.....	91 1/4	90 3/4
" 20.....	91 1/4	90 3/4
" 21.....	91 1/4	90 3/4

The following statement gives the

closing figures on No. 1 white futures each

day of the past week for the various deals:

Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	May
Tuesday.....	90 1/4	91 1/4	92 1/4
Wednesday.....	90 1/4	91 1/4	92 1/4
Thursday.....	90 1/4	91 1/4	92 1/4
Friday.....	90 1/4	91 1/4	92 1/4
Saturday.....	90 1/4	91 1/4	92 1/4
Sunday.....	90 1/4	91 1/4	92 1/4

For No. 2 red the closing prices on the

various deals each day of the past week

were as follows:

Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	May
Tuesday.....	90 1/4	91 1/4	92 1/4
Wednesday.....	90 1/4	91 1/4	92 1/4
Thursday.....	90 1/4	91 1/4	92 1/4
Friday.....	90 1/4	91 1/4	92 1/4
Saturday.....	90 1/4	91 1/4	92 1/4
Sunday.....	90 1/4	91 1/4	92 1/4

At the moment there is little of interest

to note in the position of the market.

The condition of the trade, the increase

of stock and the approach of the holiday

season are all against the market. Values

are about at the bottom of the ladder,

and are therefore more likely to advance

than decline. But we shall have to wait

for a few weeks before trade regains its

normal condition.

The "visible" supply of wheat in the

United States and Canada is unprecedented

large, but it should be remembered that

the invisible supply has been diminished

correspondingly. The shutting

down of many flouring mills has promoted

the increase in the "visible" wheat.

The resumption of milling and diminished

interior farmers' deliveries will before

long begin to diminish the "visible"

wheat.

The home consumption of about 6,500,

000 bushels of wheat weekly is reducing

the quantity, in the country rapidly; eight

weeks' consumption would wipe it out of

existence. The exports have been

moderate. Since July 1, 1885 they were

in wheat and flour from all ports in the

five months ended Nov. 30, this year

something more than 81,185,350 bushels

against 60,765,631 bushels the corresponding

five months in 1884. These figures

are the aggregate exports from the principal

collection districts only. The ratio of

exports since July 1. has been on the

basis of about 75 millions per annum.

Surface appearances indicate that the

receipts of wheat at eight western lake

and river ports for the week ending the

15th inst. will be about 600,000 bushels

less than for the previous week, with

indications of a moderate increase on the

export movement.

The foreign markets are all quiet and

most of them are dull and weak. The

Liverpool market yesterday was

easier, with prices a shade lower than

a week ago. Quotations there are as

follows: White Michigan, 7s. 3d. per

cental; red winter, 7s. 1d.; No. 3 spring,

7s. 1d.

CORN AND OATS.

CORN.

The receipts of corn in this market the

past week amounted to 235,014 bu., against

215,814 bu. the previous week, and 31,399

bu. for the corresponding week in 1884.

Shipments were 193,543 bu., against 131,

633 bu. the previous week, and 40,610 bu.

for the same week last year. The visible

supply in the country on Dec. 12 amounted

to 5,565,738 bu., against 5,652,378 bu. the

previous week, and 4,517,351 bu. at the

same date last year. The visible supply

shows an increase during the week of

314,355 bu. The exports for Europe

the past week were 1,056,573 bu., against

784,089 bu. the previous week, and for the

past eight weeks 5,883,749 bu., against 5,

003,602 bu. for the corresponding period

in 1884. The stocks now held in this city

amount to 155,276 bu., against 119,813 bu.

last week and 9,231 bu. at the corresponding

date in 1884. The receipts of

corn are increasing rapidly, and stocks

here are increasing. There has been a

fair demand, but the large offerings have

caused a decline in values. Quotations

here are 30c for No. 3 spot, 35c for new

mixed, and new high mixed at 35c.

In futures No. 2 for January delivery is

quoted at 36c, and for May at 40c. The

Chicago market is also lower, and not

strong at the decline. No. 2 is quoted

at 37c and 38c, December delivery at

37c, January at 36c, and May at 39c.

At Toledo the market is dull, with No. 2

spot at 38c, and December delivery at

same figures. For January deliveries 37c

is quoted, and for May 39c. The Decem-

ber report of the Department of Agriculture

says the increase in the product of

corn has reduced the average price on the

farm to 33c per bu., as compared with 36c

last December. The reduction in value is

the largest in the Ohio Valley and in the

Southern States. West of the Mississippi

the increase of stock-feeding has corrected

the tendency to extremely low prices.

The average in Missouri is 36c; the same

as last year. In Kansas it is 24c instead of

22c last year. In Iowa it is 24c, instead

of 23c last year. In Nebraska it is 19c

instead of 28c. It is 28c in Dakota, 2c

lower; Illinois, 28c; Indiana, 29c; Ohio,

33c; Michigan, 31c; Kentucky, 35c; Penn-

sylvania, 49c; New York, 63c. Compare

d with former prices corn values are very

low. For the preceding five years,

nearly all under average in production,

the average farm value was 44.7c per

bushel and for the previous ten years

42.6c per bushel. The Liverpool market

yesterday was quoted dull with spot at 4s.

81. per cental, December delivery at 4s.

7d., January at 4s. 3d., and February at

4s. 3d.

OATS.

The receipts of oats in this market the

past week were 45,689 bu., against 37,934

bu. the previous week, and 8,673 bu. for

the corresponding week in 1884. Ship-

ments were 11,588 bu. against 9,516

bu. the previous week, and 6,545 bu.

for the same week last year. The visible

supply of this grain on December

12 was 2,878,144 bu., against 2,900,025 bu.

the previous week, and 2,948,865 bu. De-

cember 13, 1884. The exports for Europe

the past week were 18,134 bu., and for

the last eight weeks were 233,501 bu.,

against 801,563 bu. for the corresponding

weeks in 1884. The visible supply shows

a decrease of 21,881 bu. during the week.

Stocks held in store here amount to 37,351

bu., against 32,008 bu. the previous week.

The stocks of oats are increasing and

under a limited demand prices are lower.

No. 5 white is offered at 33c, No. 3 mixed

at 30c, and light mixed at 31c per bu.

Other markets are in like condition, and

we note a decline at all the principal

points. At Chicago No. 2 mixed spot are

quoted at 27c, a decline of over a cent

within a week. In futures December de-

liveries are quoted at 27c, January at

27c, and May at 30c. It will be noted

from the price of futures that oats are

believed to have touched bottom, while corn

is expected to show a further decline. At

New York oats are quoted moderately

active but lower. Quotations there are as

follows: No. 2 mixed, 84c; No. 2 do.,

34c; No. 1 do., 35c; No. 3 Chicago mixed,

35c; No. 3 white, 34c; No. 2 do., 39c;

No. 1 white, 41c; Western white, 37c; 42c;

State white, 38c; 41c.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

BUTTER.

It cannot be said that the past week

has improved the outlook for butter in

this market; indeed it is doubtful if the

market is as good for anything except

fancy creamery as it was a week ago.

Good dairy butter is weak at 15c and 16c,

and ordinary is nominal at 12c to 14c. For

choice to fancy creamery quotations are

25c to 28c per lb. The receipts have been

quite large, and as the oleomargarine

business has opened up again, adding to

the pressure on the market, it is difficult

to dispose of stock even at low figures if

it is not an extra fine article. The Chi-

cago market had a boom early in the week,

but the bottom has dropped out of it ap-

parently and prices are tending down-

wards. The Tribune says the demand

has fallen off, while receipts

Poetry.

INDIAN SUMMER.

She wears a royal scepter
O'er valley and glade and wood;
Her tread is the tread of a monarch,
Her robes are purple and gold;
The glint of the summer sunset
Is moored in her flowing hair,
And a tunic of mist-wreathed silver
Beckons her bosom fair.

A vestment of scarlet splendor
She drops on the maples high,
And clothes the dogwood and sumac
In fabrics of Eastern dye;
She smiles on the wood-land sisters
Till they burst to purple and bloom,
And waves, like a royal banner,
The golden-rod's yellow plume.

She reddens the clinging vine,
And deepens the corn-lands' gold;
She smiles on the poplar milk-weed,
And the trumpet blossoms unfold,
She yellows the autumn vineyard
And purples the clustered vine,
And with lips like damask roses
She tints the ruddy wine.

But the long-ago spell of her beauty
Grows fainter and fainter still,
And the print of her sandaled footstep
Is passing from vale to hill;
And the mist-wreath that floated around her,
Shrouding her bosom fair,
Has faded away with the sunlight
That glazes her golden hair.

The maples have lost their scarlet,
And the dogwoods their crimson dye,
And the golden-rod's yellow banners
All pallid and faded lie;
The glow of the royal purple
Has fled from the mist-wreathed dawn,
And the tropical Queen of the Forest,
The Indian Summer, is gone.

—New York Evening Post.

"PARTING."

Time on! and leave me standing here alone,
My soul predicts the future holds for me
Wealth and the fame of men; it hath for me
Life's number duties. Dear, thy every tone
Shall make my pathway brighter. No weak mean
Shall pass my lips like mine eyes may see
These nevermore on earth; shall the tree
Have left on my head that once weighed
down.

With its abundant harvest. Many a ray
From out the golden past shines on the rain;
But for the storm and tears of life, the day
Had never its fair rainbow. Blessed pain
That makes us trust our Father, till the way
Lead heavenward, friend, and we clasp hands
again!

—London Society.

Miscellaneous.

A SCARBOROUGH SCANDAL.

The season at Scarborough was at its height. The hotels were crowded, and inn-keepers and tradesmen were doing a roaring trade. Not only were there the usual holiday-makers, Yorkshire manufacturers, sprigs of nobility, overworked city men, with their wives and superabundant families, but the cholera had sent over a goodly contingent of foreign notabilities with high-sounding names, and of more or less distinguished appearance. There were French marquises and counts, German barons and an Italian duke; there was a Russian prince, and there were dozens of wealthy Hebrews of every nationality, rivaling the sun in Oriental splendor. Many of these personages were accompanied by their wives and daughters, and most of them were exceedingly affable in their demeanor, joining in whatever amusement the place afforded and dancing away at the periodical assemblies with an energy which, if some what misdirected, was obviously well-meant. The Miss Mungos, from Bradford, and the Miss Shoddys, of Halifax, grew quite sated with the adulation of foreign noblemen, and if it had not been for the advent of the brilliant and fascinating Count Spitznoff at the Regalia hotel there is no knowing but their affections might have returned to the somewhat deserted Toms, Dicks and Harrys of their native country. But before the count's superior attractions all minor constellations waned into insignificance. He was young, apparently about two or three and thirty; he had lovely teeth and magnificent black hair; he was evidently possessed of much wealth, wore little jewelry and drove an admirable little phaeton and pair of horses. With one consent, therefore, the maidens of Scarborough fell down and worshipped him.

The count was accessible, and speedily made a vast number of acquaintances. He was universally popular; the women all liked him, and the men, though not a little jealous of his success, were forced to confess that he drove very well, and played a remarkably good game of billiards. He spoke moderately good English, with a strong foreign accent, and conversed fluently in French with any one who had sufficiently mastered the intricacies of that language. There were, of course, certain envious persons at Scarborough who hinted broadly that the fascinating count was no count at all, but an individual in a very much humbler station of life. The Baron von Stufzgen, for instance, insinuated that he had met him before in a gambling den in Vienna, and that his duties there were of a character both menial and disreputable, while the Marquis de Tombola Ferrara said he was a courier; but, as neither of these gentlemen adduced any evidence in support of their assertions, they were pretty universally disbelieved. Moreover, as both the baron and the marquis—and, for the matter of that, quite half of the most eminent personages in the hotel—had very good reasons for wishing that their own antecedents and pretensions should not be too closely investigated, they were content, as a rule, to act upon the excellent proverb which regulates the conduct of those who live in glass houses. So the count increased in favor with all his acquaintances, and became quite a leader of the local society.

Just when he was at the zenith of his popularity, there arrived at the Regalia Hotel an American gentleman, accompanied by two young ladies. The party attracted no little interest. The American was a spare, dried-up looking man of 50 or thereabouts; he had an abrupt, de-

cide manner, and he gave his orders with an air of one accustomed to be obeyed with promptness and precision. His name, according to the visitors' book, was Julius K. Dexter; and he had scarcely retired to his private sitting room before he was recognized by the hotel goosses as one of the largest and most successful speculators in Wall Street. There was no doubt at all about Mr. Dexter's millions; men looked upon him with awe and admiration, while needy scions of nobility hung upon his lips, eager for the slightest indication of the course of the markets. The two young ladies rather puzzled the company at the Regalia Hotel. Mr. Dexter was known to be childless, and he had simply entered his name in the visitors' book as 'Julius K. Dexter; and party, New York.' One of the girls was apparently very delicate; she always went to the Spa in a bath chair, closely wrapped up, and wearing a thick veil, the other being in constant attendance. The second, who was of a sufficiently attractive appearance, dressed plainly, but well, and seemed to enjoy excellent health. Mr. Dexter himself never alluded to them except as 'Clara' and 'Annie'; and the male visitors grew prodigiously anxious to make their acquaintance. But a week passed, and the foreign noblemen, aspiring captains, tailors, money-lenders and seedy horseboys had not succeeded in obtaining the object of their aspirations. Matters were growing desperate, so the count was deputed to devise a scheme which might produce the desired effect.

'Clara, my dear,' remarked Mr. Dexter one evening to the invalid, 'that black-whiskered Italian brigand-looking chap, who calls himself a count, wants us to join in a driving excursion somewhere.'

'Of course you told him you'd do no such thing,' answered the young lady, somewhat fretfully.

'I said I'd ask you—not that I ever supposed you'd mix with the tagrag and bobtail lot of people there are here.'

'So you're not going?' said the other girl.

'Certainly not. Why?'

'Nothing, but I thought you might like a change in the monotony,' and she arose and left the room.

'I wish to goodness some Italian brigand or nobleman would take a fancy to Annie,' sighed the invalid. 'Her temper is really unendurable. Italian counts are generally on the lookout for heiresses. Why can't you send her on this expedition instead of me? Nobody here knows that she hasn't got a farthing in the world. We might get rid of her, and what a blessing that would be!'

'I am afraid you are getting uncharitable. It would, however, be rather sport to let these hungry fellows think she is an heiress. But, if I take her, what is to become of you?'

'I shall get on. The people are amusing to look at, and Hannah will take care of me. Besides, Annie positively irritates me. I know she thinks nursing such a dreadful infliction.'

'Have it your own way, my dear. I'll tell the count that we shall be delighted.'

So when the appointed day came Mr. Dexter, accompanied by Miss Annie, and duly mounted on a moderately well-appointed coach, was piloted by the triumphant count to a well-known show place a dozen miles from Scarborough.

Mr. Dexter omitted to inform Count Spitznoff that the young lady under his charge was not his niece at all, but the daughter of a defaulting clerk, who had committed forgery and then blown out his brains. Neither did he say that she had not a sixpence in the world, or that he had allowed her to assume the name of Dexter, owing to the disgrace which had stained that of her father. The excursion was, therefore, highly enjoyable. The count had asked the Baron von Stufzgen to join the party too, on the condition of course, that he did not make himself too agreeable to the pseudo-heiress; and the rich Miss Mungo and her mother had been invited for the baron's amusement. So after inspecting some more or less interesting ruins, the party paired off in the grounds, the count, of course, monopolizing Miss Dexter, and the baron Miss Mungo, while Dexter was left to the tender mercies of the chaperon.

The latter gentleman had decidedly the worst of the bargain, for Mrs. Mungo, who had originally been a Halifax mill-girl, subjected him to a cross examination of the most searching and irritating description about himself, his fortune, his nieces, the amount of money he intended to leave them, and, in fact, all his most private and personal affairs.

'I hope you enjoyed yourself, my dear,' said Dexter to his protegee, somewhat grimly, when his torments were over and he found himself once more at the Regalia.

'Immensely,' answered the young lady, with much emphasis. 'The count is simply charming, and he is so well off. He has a house in Paris, a villa in Cannes and any amount of estates in Lithuania and the Caucasus.'

'A house in Paris and a villa at Cannes?' growled Dexter to himself. 'I must make further inquiries.'

Miss Annie Dexter once having inserted the thin end of the wedge by getting an introduction to Scarborough society, gave her guardian no peace until he allowed her to go to the ever recurring balls, which were the almost daily solace of the young men and maidens at the various hotels. She had no difficulty in getting Mrs. Mungo, or some other affable matron to look after her, an arrangement which suited Dexter and his niece to perfection, as thereby they got rid of her for the evening, and were left to their own devices.

Everybody knows what a Scarborough ball is. The guests of one hotel ask those of another alternately. There is usually a gentleman who officiates as master of the ceremonies, and introduces everybody, whether they like it or not. Hence one sees young ladies of title revolving with Hebrew money lenders, ambitious mammae gushing over their daughters' perfections to the managers of Haymarket restaurants, and respectable British merchants worshipping at the shrine of French ballet dancers and demi-mondaines. Miss Alice Dexter was not

a young lady of very refined tastes, and this sort of thing suited her admirably. Her various chaperons impressed upon the company that she was the heiress to untold wealth, and Dexter's millions made such a sensation that the young lady had half a dozen proposals in as many days. She herself did nothing to enlighten her many adorers as to the real state of the case, as she was quite shrewd enough to know that any such statement would most materially decrease both their numbers and ardor. On the contrary, as she generally borrowed Miss Clara's dresses and diamonds, sometimes with and sometimes without her leave, she did her best to confirm the popular error.

After a few weeks of this sort of life the count's attentions became so exceedingly marked that Annie began to expect a proposal daily. The count, however, was a very wary gentleman, and before proceeding to extremities he determined to ascertain from her uncle what the young lady's prospects really were. He accordingly wrote him, begging the favor of a few minutes' conversation in his private room. The American, of course, knew pretty well what was coming, but not being over-confident of his own abilities to deal with an ardent lover, he took his niece's advice as to the course he ought to pursue.

'That Polish count, swindler, courtier, or whatever he might be, means to propose for Annie. What am I to say?' he began.

'Oh, let him have her, by all means.' 'But I don't believe he will, unless he thinks she is an heiress, and I don't intend to perjure myself on her account; though, of course, I shall give her something when she marries.'

'That is a little awkward,' said Miss Clara, musing. 'We must think it over. Have you made any inquiries about him?'

'Yes, and I have no reason to believe that he is not the man he represents himself to be. He is well known both at Paris and Cannes. And yet I believe he is a fraud.'

'That is quite possible; but if he really be Count Spitznoff, I don't see why Annie should not marry him.'

'But he thinks she is worth a million!'

'Let him think so.'

'I am not going to tell the man a pack of lies.'

'I don't want you to,' said the invalid, with unusual animation. 'Attend to me. When Spitznoff proposes you must positively refuse to hear of it, without saying a word about her prospects.'

'And then?'

'Why then they will elope, of course?'

Dexter burst out laughing. 'Well, that is certainly an ingenious idea. But I am afraid he will ill-treat her when he finds out.'

'Oh, nonsense! She is very well able to take care of herself, and you will make her a decent allowance.'

So Mr. Dexter went to meet the count, having made up his mind to put his niece's plan into operation. The interview was brief. The count avowed his devotion to her hand, Dexter, whose repugnance to the fascinating foreigner rather increased than diminished, pointed blank refused to entertain the proposal. The count waxed eloquent and expostulatory; he enlarged upon the splendors of his family and the extent of his possessions, went even so far as to produce a number of papers which established his identity by every all reasonable doubt, and invited Mr. Dexter to come into his private room and inspect a quantity of foreign orders and patents of nobility. But the American was obdurate; and, seeing that his pleading was in vain, the count went off in a terrible rage.

The next few days were somewhat trying, both for uncle and niece. As soon as Miss Annie heard the dreadful news of her lover's rejection, she attacked her guardian with every species of argument and abuse she could invent, and was only pacified by the threat that he would disclose her identity. Failing to make an impression upon him she resorted to Clara, whom she pestered for her good offices and reproached bitterly for having marred her prospects in life.

'My dear Annie,' protested Clara, 'I assure you it has nothing to do with me. I should be delighted to see you the countess of Spitznoff. Uncle takes such violent dislikes, you know. If I were you I should elope; he will be sure to come round afterward.'

'My dear Clara, what a magnificent idea! cried Annie, embracing her effusively.

As the days passed, the love young lady's temper improved materially; the court was so devoted as ever in his attention, though less obtrusive, and the Dexter, uncle and niece, professed to take no notice of the affair. The St. Ledger week came on, and the hotels were crowded to suffocation. The night before the great race there was a ball at the Regalia of unusual splendor.

'I suppose you are going to-night, Annie?' inquired Clara.

'Yes, with Mrs. Mungo; and I have a great favor to ask—perhaps it may be the last,' said the young lady demurely.

'What is it?'

'I want you to lend me your diamonds. I am so anxious to look well to-night.'

'Oh, yes, you may have them,' answered Clara, smilingly. 'Don't forget to leave them behind, though!'

So Miss Annie went to the ball arrayed in Miss Dexter's jewels, and naturally enjoyed herself immensely.

The next day nearly everyone in the hotel went off to Doncaster. The Scarborough air had done Clara so much good that she determined to accompany her uncle. Annie however, pleaded fatigue and a bad headache, and Dexter did not press her to go. Just before starting Clara entered her niece's room.

'Lend me £300,' she said laughing.

'What for?' he asked, with a responsive grin.

'Now you know you are not to ask questions, but to do as you are told.'

Arriving on the course, Dexter disposed of his niece and began strolling about the grounds. Presently he felt a touch on his sleeve.

'I beg your pardon, sir,' said some-

one with a strong foreign accent, but he had pleasure to address Mr. Dexter. 'That's so,' said Dexter, turning round. Two men stood before him, one tall and somewhat distinguished looking, the other shorter, with a sharp, hawk-like face and business-like appearance. Dexter fancied he had seen the tall man before. Oddly enough, he was singularly like Count Spitznoff, but his whiskers were nearly white, and his face was wrinkled and worn, as if from a recent illness. Moreover, he might have been at least thirty years older than the count, but still there was a likeness.

'You are Mr. Dexter,' he continued, with much volubility and many gesticulations; 'then you know a miserable, who calls himself the Count Spitznoff and reside at the Hotel Regalia? Verre he can you tell me?'

'Hanged if I know,' said Dexter, feeling somewhat uneasy.

'Is he not here?' said the stranger, excitedly.

'No. I don't think he came. Ill or something.'

'Hang the fellow,' interposed the short man. 'He's given us the slip.'

'This, sir, is to you a mystery,' said the other, trembling with rage. 'I am ze Count Spitznoff; that sacre brigand is my valet, Jules le Guillon. Look, you, sir, he is a volent—what you call pique pocket. I am at Naples; I catch ze accused cholera; Le Guillon, he pack me to a hospital; I grow worse; he leave me to die; he go to my hotel; he steal my luggage, my money, my papers—everything; he go off I know not where. But I recover, I get on his traces, wis ze aid of my good friend Monsieur Ferret, of Scotland Yard. At last I have catch him—it is not so?'

Dexter was not easily surprised; but he stared at the infuriated stranger with amazement.

'The devil!' he ejaculated.

'Perfectly correct, sir,' said Mr. Ferret. 'But we are wasting time. Where is the gentleman?'

'At Scarborough, I believe.'

'By Jove! I trust he mayn't have got clear off! If I had only willed to the police! But I wanted to collar him myself.'

Dexter promptly found his niece, and the whole party returned to Scarborough as fast as a special train could carry them. The real count was frantic at the thought of losing his prey, Ferret was silent and sulky, while Dexter was seriously uneasy about Annie.

'I never meant to let her in for anything like this,' he whispered to Clara, who was crying quietly in a corner.

'Where is Count Spitznoff?' shouted the party in chorus, when they arrived at the Regalia.

'Went to London this morning on important business,' answered the manager, and a volley of imprecations burst from the group. Dexter rushed upstairs to his ward's room. The door was locked. He kicked at it violently, and there was a faint 'Who's there?'

'Open the door!' cried the American, feeling thankful that things were no worse.

'Oh, Mr. Dexter!' sobbed the forsaken damsel; 'where is Count Spitznoff? We were here to-day!'

'You'll never see him again,' said Dexter, savagely. 'He's a swindler. By the way, did Clara give you £300?'

'Yes, and I gave it to him to take care of! And he took Clara's diamonds be-c cause he said one of the astones was loose! Oh, gracious, what shall I do? and Miss Annie went off into a violent fit of hysterics.'

'That was a very excellent joke of yours, Clara,' remarked Mr. Dexter, grimly, as his niece came in the disconsolate Annie's assistance; 'but at present Mr. Jules le Guillon has got slightly the best of it.'—*London Truth.*

PINKIE'S REVENGE.

'What a perfect shame that she got here to-day!'

'Sh—Sh—She might have you!'

'Nonsense! She is down in the reception room. I don't suppose, if she is from the backwoods, she has got ears that can hear through floors.'

'Giria, I am ashamed of you. How can you be so unfeeling toward your own cousin?'

'I don't care, mamma, she is sure to be awkward and dowdy. How can we have her at the dinner table to-night? I shall die of mortification to have to introduce her to Mr. Morris as our cousin.'

'Perhaps she will be too tired to come down to dinner after such a long ride. It is a little awkward to add another to a set dinner party.'

'Oh! mamma, bless you for the thought. You can tell her that she is too tired. You can arrange it, I know!'

'Well, I'll try.'

These were the sentences which fell on the ears of Priscilla Bent as she sat alone, waiting to see the aunt and cousins whom she had come all the way from Kansas to New York to visit, of whose welcome she felt as sure if she had known them all her life. It was by a blunder of the servant that she had been shown directly upstairs into the drawing-room, which communicated by folding-doors with the room where were sitting mother and daughters.

'Pinkie! What a name!' continued the first speaker. 'Who ever heard of such a name, except for a dog?'

'Her name is Priscilla,' replied the mother, 'but Pinkie was given to her by her father, when she was a little girl, on account of her pink cheeks.'

'Well, I shall call her Priscilla.'

'Your father will not like it,' said Mrs. Bent. 'But we must go down.'

A swift rush of three women down the staircase, three loud exclamations of dismay at the sight of the empty reception room, looks of dismay and a smothered whisper of vexation.

'How stupid of Ben! Do you suppose she heard—?'

'These were the next scenes in the swift little drama which here began so innocently under Mr. Silas Bent's roof this morning. And next to these followed one which seemed almost a justification

of all that the Misses Bent had said in regard to their cousin. Slowly rising to her feet, grasping her umbrella firmly in her left hand, rose a tall, an exceedingly tall, young woman, who exclaimed in a nasal voice:

'Well, I was just a comin' to look ye up. I didn't know as that fine black gentleman of yours had condescended to let you know I was here. I'm most tired to death, I tell you; four days an' four nights in the cars is enough to kill an ox. But I'll be all right's soon's I get my coffee. I reckon breakfast's all cleared away by this time, but I don't want much, only a cup of coffee, if the cook hasn't thrown it out. I'm real glad to see you. I suppose uncle got my letter, didn't he?'

And pausing in her breathless speech, pretty Priscilla Bent looked sheepishly into the faces of her equally ashamed relatives. If they had not been too guiltily disturbed in their own minds by fears of having been overheard in their inhospitable comments, they might have detected a strange look on their Kansas cousin's face, a mixture of twinkle and terror. But they saw, heard nothing except what so thoroughly corroborated their worst fears. Even Mrs. Bent herself, who had resolved beforehand to be thoroughly kind to the child of her husband's favorite brother, was thrown off her balance, and in spite of herself, the welcome she gave was curt and cool.

But nothing appeared to daunt the terrible Pinkie. Radiant good humor shone in her face; her tongue ran like a clapper, and when the dinner party was mentioned, Pinkie cried:

'Not much! I ain't too tired, I'll just bunk down and by 6 o'clock I'll be fresh as a rooster! We don't often get a chance to a regular dinner party out in Emporia, and I don't mean to miss one this winter. Say—shall I wear my very best? I've read about the kind of clothes you New Yorkers wear to dinners. But I've got some A. No. 1 gowns, I tell you. Now, you just show me my room, and I'll go straight to bed an' stay there till dinner time. You let your black man bring me up a tumbler of milk, will ye, along about one o'clock, and a doughnut or hard tack. I'm used to eatin' heartily in the middle of the day.'

When the door was finally shut upon Pinkie, her aunt and cousins exchanged looks.

'Horrible!' cried the youngest daughter, Carrie. 'It's worse than I ever conceived. How could papa send for her?'

'He has not seen her since she was 10 years old,' said Mrs. Bent, dimly. 'Of course he could not dream she would be like this. He has always said her mother was a charming woman; and they lived in Europe for several years when she was little. It is horrible, girls!'

'Bunk down!' ejaculated the eldest daughter, Sophia.

'Fresh as a rooster!' echoed Carrie. 'Mamma, I shall go to bed myself and be too ill to appear to-night. I never can live through it; never! I don't believe Mr. Morris will ever cross our threshold again.'

'Then he is welcome to stay away,' said Mrs. Bent, hotly.

While this distressed consultation was going on between Mrs. Bent and her daughters, Pinkie, safe-locked in her room, was holding one with herself. Tears sparkled in her eyes, but her face was full of mirth.

'I will!' she muttered. 'I will do it! It will be good enough for them. I know I can. It will teach them a good lesson. But I'll have to work like a Trojan to get the dress ready. Let me see what I have got that will do! Ha! I have it! That old blue dress will be just the thing! How lucky I brought it!' she chuckled, as she shook out the folds of a white muslin made in the most antiquated country fashion. 'Now I can go to sleep and rest easy for an hour, awkward and dowdy.' That is what I shall be, and in five minutes mischievous Pinkie Bent was sound asleep.

Anxiety and vexation had made Carrie ill, and it was with a most unbecoming flush on her harassed face that she appeared in the drawing-room a few moments before the dinner hour. There sat the cousin from Kansas! Was ever such a figure seen in a New York drawing-room before?

A plain white muslin, made in the shepherdess style, very full and very short, scarlet stockings, a broad scarlet sash, and worst of all, on the head a turban of white muslin, with a scarlet poppy flaunting in front!

This was what the malicious Pinkie had done with herself, malicious Pinkie, whose tricks were full of exquisite French gowns, such as her cousins had never owned, and not often seen. She knew at least that the opals on her soft white neck would command a certain sort of respect, even from her inhospitable relatives.

'Thank heaven she wore them. That will show people she has at least money. That necklace couldn't have cost less than \$1,000.'

'Yes,' replied Pinkie nonchalantly. 'Ma likes 'em best of all she's got. They're ma's. I like flowers better. I'm great on artificial flowers; always wear 'em every day.'

The guests were already arriving. Mr. Bent himself among them, he having, according to the fashion of New York business men, arrived at home only in time to dress for dinner. His heart was so full of affectionate welcome for his niece, whom he remembered well as a beautiful child of ten, only half a dozen years ago, that he did not at first note anything but the lovely upturned eyes, and the affectionate voice.

As the dinner progressed, even unobtrusive Mr. Bent became aware that his niece's attire was not what it should be, and that her voice was too loud,

'But the women folks can soon straighten that all out, and the child's as pretty as a picture.'

So also thought the Hon. Mr. Morris, who, to Carrie's vexation, on being told by her that the young lady in white was a cousin, who had arrived most inopportunistically from Kansas, had exclaimed:

'From Kansas! How delighted I am! This is the State of all others I am most

interested in seeing. I am going out there in the spring.'

'If all the Kansas ladies have so wonderful a complexion as your cousin, that is another reason for visiting the region. Pray, present me to her, will you? I should like to ask her many questions. Perhaps, ah—' he stammered, with the curious mixture of diffidence and audacity one so often sees in Englishmen, 'perhaps your mother will be so very good as to let me have the pleasure of sitting by her side at dinner—that is, if it will not disarrange your plans.'

'I am quite sure mamma will not relinquish the pleasure of having you chiefly to herself at dinner,' quickly responded Carrie, her heart full of anger and mortification.

Nevertheless, several times in the course of the dinner, Mr. Morris heard the shrill voice, and thought to himself:

'What a pity the American voice is so high pitched.'

When the gentlemen joined the ladies in the drawing-room, Mr. Morris looked eagerly for the Kansas cousin. Not seeing her, he accosted Mrs. Bent with true English bluntness:

'I don't see your niece from Kansas; I hope she has not gone; I was counting on talking with her all the rest of the evening.'

With mingled resentment and confusion Mrs. Bent replied:

'My niece went up-stairs immediately after dinner.'

In truth, Mrs. Bent was in a state of nervous bewilderment. Without for a moment suspecting the real reason of Pinkie's withdrawal, she had perceived that the girl was greatly moved as she came swiftly to her when they were entering the drawing-room.

'Aunt, I must ask you to excuse me. I am going up-stairs to dress. I was not dressed as I should have been.'

'Never mind, child, never mind.'

Pinkie was gone.

It did not take long for her to finish her transformation touches. The dainty white surah silk, with billowy reaches of white lace from belt to hem, the soft, clinging gloves to the shoulders, the opal bracelets, the white ostrich feather fan, the white satin slippers—all were in readiness. But at last Pinkie's heart failed her. 'It was a shameful trick to play on them. I shall cry; I know I shall, and I'd rather die than cry before that Englishman.'

At last she stole down slowly, hesitatingly. Black Ben caught sight of her first, and reeled back with excitement.

It was an unerring instinct which led Pinkie, on entering the drawing-room, to glide swiftly to her uncle's side, and putting both hands into his, said:

'Dear Uncle Silas, won't you make my peace with aunt, and ask your friends here to forgive me for masquerading at your dinner?'

Before she had half-finished speaking, the company had gathered close around her.

'I must say,' began Mrs. Bent, in an angry tone.

But Pinkie

TIN WIND.

come from haunts of mount and lake,
I make a sudden ally,
And send the small boy's milkpail gay
A-sailing up the alley.

I paint the maiden's nose with red,
I send the leaves a scolding,
And make the fat man chase his hat
With hallooing and hooting.

From off the line the clothes I blow,
And even the line I sever,
For dust may come and dust may go,
But I go on forever.

—Cleveland Graphic.

IDIOSYNCRASIES OF EATING.

The Stomach the Best Judge of its Requisites—Sometimes.

Rose Terry Cooke writes:—There are temporary idiosyncrasies for food, particularly in sickness, that are very apt to be instinctive indications of usefulness or need. A physician I once knew, whose early death was a real loss to the profession, so wonderful was his skill in diagnosis, and in the use of remedial agents—said to me once that if a patient strongly craved anything to eat or drink, however odd or unwholesome the thing desired seemed to be, he always allowed them to try it, for he invariably found that the article in question either became useful to the patient or just a mouthful or a sip would at once satisfy the desire.

He told of several instances in his own practice that justified his theory. While he was in B Hospital, after completing his course of study at a medical college, a severe epidemic of summer diarrhoea set in and the children's ward was crowded with patients. The disease was unusually obstinate and malignant, and at last attacked an infant of the mother's. The child was very ill, and the mother was obliged to take it with her in her arms when she went about her duties, as those could not be neglected, and there was not a nurse that could be spared. One day when she sat down to dinner with her child in her lap, there was a slice of boiled ham put on her plate. The ham had not been skinned after boiling, and the baby reached out and grasped a piece of the rind that was near her and began to suck it with great eagerness; the mother was alarmed and tried to take it away, sure that it would be injurious under the circumstances, but the child cried so hard and grasped the rind so tightly that at last she gave up the contest.

Next morning the doctor said:—"Mrs., how is your baby to-day?" fully expecting to hear an unfavorable report, as several infants had died during the night. "She's a great deal better," said the mother, cheerfully. "But I surely thought I'd killed her yesterday, doctor. I let her get hold of a bit of ham rind when I wasn't looking at her and she got it in her mouth, and cried so hard when I tried to take it away I thought she'd have a spasm, so I let her suck it; but to-day she's over so much better; her diarrhoea stopped last night, and she slept well and ate well this morning."

The prompt and perceptive doctor went directly to the kitchen, discovered the remains of the ham, cut slices of the rind off, carried them up to the infant ward, and distributed them among the babies, who without exception grasped them with avidity; and every one on whom this experiment was tried rapidly recovered.

Another patient was an Irishman apparently at the point of death with ulceration of the bowels; doctors and nurses had all given him up, he was unable to speak above a whisper and my kind-hearted friend, pitiful of his helpless condition, stooped over him and said:—"Patrick, is there anything you want that I can get you?"

In a whisper so weak and hoarse as to be inaudible unless the doctor put his ear down close to the trembling lips, the dying man answered:—"Cabbage."

The doctor could not believe his ears. "Did you say cabbage?" he asked incredulously.

"Of old," was the faint whisper.

"Cooked or raw?" asked the astounded doctor.

"Raw," murmured Patrick.

The doctor stood aghast; however, he reflected that Pat was dying, and that nothing could cure him now; it seemed a kindly thing to fulfill his last wish, so he went out into the garden and cutting a large, fresh cabbage divided it into quarters and laid one of the sections close to Patrick's lips, guiding his helpless hand into a place that propped the cabbage up against his mouth, and then Dr. C. sat down to watch this extraordinary patient.

Slowly the cabbage disappeared, the Irishman's eyes brightened during the process, and a shade more of life pervaded his countenance; as the last fragment was swallowed he said:—"More!" in quite an audible tone, but the doctor made him wait a few moments before the second quarter was laid in position and eagerly received.

To curtail my story, in the course of the day Patrick ate all the good part of a large cabbage, began to get well from that time, and in a week or two left the hospital and went to work. I had this story from Dr. C. himself, or I dare not record it. In another instance the same physician was attending a case of severe kidney disease; the patient had a great craving for cluier, and remembering his experience in the hospital, the doctor sent for a pitcherful and ordered the nurse to give it to the sick man in small quantities and observe carefully how it acted on him, and to refuse it to him if it seemed injurious; the nurse followed directions, but the patient, like Oliver Twist, kept asking for more; the nurse dared not indulge him beyond the doctor's direction, but being overcome with sleep during the night omitted one dose, and the patient, creeping out of bed very quietly, reached the pitcher and emptied it at one draught. The poor nurse reproached him bitterly for his lapse of watch, but the elder cured the patient, and both doctor and nurse were shortly dispensed with.

A man can take an elevator a hundred times a day without getting hoarse.

The Art of Praising.

To praise well is a difficult art, an intellectual and moral feat, to which, must go delicacy and cultivation of mind, thought and nice perception and chivalrous generosity, says a writer in the *Globe Democrat*. How fine was the eulogy of Frederick the Great at a state feast, when he withdrew a brave Austrian general from the opposite side of the table and placed him near the royal seat, saying, "I have always wished to see you at my side rather than facing me." But, contrarywise, Nicole's compliments were saved from offense only by their comedy. When the bashful scholar was summoned to a company by a Parisian beauty to grace her hospitality, he retired as soon as he could, covering his retreat with clouds of fine speeches, in which he informed his hostess that her "lovely little eyes" were irresistible; but being reproached outside by a friend, who told him he had accused the lady of what all her sex thought a defect, the dismayed scholar returned abruptly to the company, humbly begged pardon for his error, and exclaimed: "Madam, I never beheld such fine large lips, such fine large hands, or go fine and large a person altogether in the whole course of my life." When a man who was usually mute spoke wisely and well, but pleaded at the beginning that his habitual silence should excuse his deficiencies, a lady said to him afterwards: "Sir, I like the speech of silent men," which was very elegant praise. So said one humble in station to a scholar, "When I talk with you I forget you know more than I do." Whether to bestow this high praise or to earn it was the more admirable may be questioned. Weiss said "the gift of appreciation is as divine as the dignity of being appreciated." Thus may two sit on a level who seem, to outward sight, far parted. But some praise is very repulsive. Such is formal praise, insincere praise, conventional matter of course compliment, intemperate and coarse commendation which outrages truth and covers with confusion, public praise wherein it should be private, and general praise wherein it should be particular and discriminating. The one simple rule is this: Praise should be true, that is, temperate and thoughtful; and then generous, that is, living and warm. It is well not to venture on praise at the moment, for it is a matter well worthy of preparation.

It is well sometimes to put praise in writing, which enlarges our liberty and yet spares the face of our friend. Written words are like a tender veil behind which we may speak more warmly and like the casting down of the eyes which is instinctive when very precious things are to be said. Writing may also add elegance and wisdom. When Dr. Balguy (I know not whether the father, John, or the son Thomas; but either it might be, for the father had the wisdom to burn his sermons that his son might be left to his own labors, and the son had the wisdom to profit by his father's discretion) once preached from the text, "All wisdom is sorrow," he received these lines from a hearer:

If what you advance, dear Doctor, be true,
That wisdom is sorrow, how we cheer are you!

Praising is a great privilege of friendship, and equally a duty. A privilege, because friends stand on that equal ground which makes praising the greatest pleasure; and it is also then a boon to affection.

And duty, because the helpfulness of praise is so great that to be unpraiseful when our friend has deserved well is as if we should refuse him our hand in his efforts; for to praise him lovingly for what he has done is to give him a strong hand in what he shall try to do. What can be colder, more unlovely, more disappointing and uncharishing than to walk beside your comrade, many years perhaps, unmindful to cheer his successes or his noble efforts with your warm praise for the moment and with yet warmer help growing therefrom for the future? A friend should regard his friend in his heart as Brutus says of Caesar, "His glories are not extenuated wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced," but kindly turned into correction. It is one of the joys of love that the vocabulary of praise is increased; for large measures of it may go in a look, a touch and that too, with the greatest privacy in large companies. In sum, as praising is a liberty, let it be modest and observant; as it is a justice, let it be rendered; as it is a privilege, let it be sought; as it is an art, let it be studied.

Mark Twain's Campaigning.

From Mark Twain's "Private History of a Campaign that Failed," in the *December Century*, we take this incident:

For a time life was idyllic, it was perfect; there was nothing to mar it. Then came some farmers with an alarm one day. They said it was rumored that the enemy were advancing in our direction from over Hyde's prairie. The result was a sharp stir among us, and general consternation. It was a rude awakening from our pleasant trance. Rumor was but a rumor—nothing definite about it; so in the confusion we did not know which way to retreat. Lyman was not retreating at all in these uncertain circumstances, but he found that if he tried to maintain that attitude he would have to put up with insubordination. So he yielded the point and called a council of war—to consist of himself and the three other officers, but the privates made such a fuss about being left out that we had to allow them to be present. I mean we had to allow them to remain, for they were already present and doing the most of the talking, too. The question was, which way to retreat, but all were so dazed that nobody seemed to have even a guess to offer. Except Lyman. He ex-claimed in a few calm words, that inasmuch as the enemy were approaching from over Hyde's prairie, our course was simple; all we had to do was not to retreat toward him; any other direction would answer our needs perfectly. Everybody saw in a moment how true this was, and how wise; so Lyman got a great many compliments. It was now decided that we should fall back on Mason's farm.

It was after dark by this time, and as

we could not know how soon the enemy might arrive, it did not seem best to try to take the horses and things with us; so we only took the guns and ammunition, and started at once. The route was very rough and hilly and rocky, and presently the night grew very black and rain began to fall, so we had a troublesome time of it struggling and stumbling along in the dark; and soon some person slipped and fell, and then the next person behind stumbled over him and fell, and so did the rest, one after the other; and then Bowers came with the keg of powder in his arms, while the command were mixed together, and arms and legs, on the muddy slope; and so he fell, of course, with the keg, and this started the whole detachment down the hill in a body, and they landed in the brook at the bottom in a pile, and each that was underneath pulling the hair and scratching and biting those that were on top of him; and those that were being scratched and bitten scratching and biting the rest in their turn, and all saying they would die before they would ever go to war again if they ever got out of this brook this time, and the invader might rot for all they cared, and the country along with him—and all such talk as that, which was dismal to hear and take part in, in such smothered, low voices, and grizzly dark places and so wet, and the enemy may be coming any moment.

The keg of powder was lost and the guns too; so the growling and complaining continued straight along while the brigade pawed around the pasty hillside and sloped around in the brook hunting for these things; consequently we lost considerable time at this; and then we heard a sound, and held our breath and listened, and it seemed to be the enemy coming, though it could have been a cow; for it had a cough like a cow; but we did not wait, but left a couple of guns behind and struck out for Mason's again as briskly as we could scramble along in the dark. But we got lost presently among the rugged little ravines and wasted a deal of time finding the way again, so it was after nine when we reached Mason's stile at last; and then before we could open our mouths to give the countersign, several dogs came bounding over the fence with great riot and noise, and each of them took a soldier by the slack of his trousers and began to back away with him. We could not shoot the dogs without endangering the persons they were attached to, so we had to look on helplessly at what was perhaps the most mortifying spectacle of the civil war. There was light enough and to spare, for the Masons had now run out on the porch with candles in their hands. The old man and his son came and undid the dogs without difficulty, all but Bowers; but they couldn't undo his dog, they didn't know his combination; he was of the bull kind and seemed to be set with a Yale lock; but they got him loose at last with some scalding water, of which Bowers got his share and returned thanks. Peterson Dunlap afterwards made up a fine name for this engagement and also for the night march which preceded it, but both have long ago faded out of my memory.

Tommy stopped at this point, as if uncertain about further progress.

"Well," said his mother, anxiously, "did you say anything?"

"Yesum."

"What?"

"Rais! An! I said it so loud they fired me right out!"—*Merchant Traveler*.

A story is going the rounds of an estimable young gentleman who is something of a practical joker. Not long ago he discovered, while promading on North Pearl Street, the driver of a closed horse-drawn carriage, silently opened the door of the carriage, and closing it with a loud snap, addressed an imaginary person within, and politely doffing his hat, promised to call soon. The driver had meanwhile straightened up, and glancing hastily over his shoulder, perceived the wag smiling on his mistress, as he thought, and when that gentleman looked up at him and uttered the word "home" he took up the reins and speedily drove off. No one but the lady and the coachman will ever know what transpired after she crossed the threshold of the family mansion.

"Sam," said a high-toned gentleman, "you are not honest. Why do you put all the good peaches on the top of the basket?"

"For de same reason," replied the other, "that I want to see our Kaiser send the little ones at the bottom!"—*For de same reason*.

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A WOMAN AND A THEOLOGIAN.

The other day a young housewife left her home in the city to spend a few days with several lady friends in Hamilton. Before going she prepared a good supply of edibles for her husband, and told him he could help himself whenever he was hungry. He took luncheon down town and went home in the evening for dinner.

As he tells the story he found cold chicken, cold butter, cold pie, cold milk, cold salt, cold mustard, and several other cold dishes, but with all he was not entirely satisfied and hunted high and low for something else. At first he did not know what it was, but finally concluded that he wanted bread. He knew there was some in the house, but he could not find it. Finally he concluded to telegraph his wife, for he could not live without bread. Accordingly a telegram asking "Where is the bread?" was dispatched.

The wife received it in the midst of a number of ladies, and it frightened her nearly to death. With the cry "I know it is bread news," she cried "I am killed!" she fell in a faint. The ladies cried for sympathy, and a most lugubrious scene presented itself. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Mrs. B.'s husband has been killed and she has fainted," was the reply. "How do you know?" he asked. "Oh, she got a telegram." Where is it? "We haven't opened it yet."

Imagine the scene when the sympathetic creatures read the message. In about an hour the reply was sent back to him: "You mean things. It's in the bread box under the plane, where I hid it from the cook."

He talked out loud—"Mamma," inquired Tommy, "tuff of his mother, last Sunday after service, 'is it very bad to talk out loud in church?'"

"Of course it is, Tommy," she answered, severely, "have you been guilty of such misconduct?"

"Yesum, I reckon I was to-day."

"Well, you had better, if I don't know you didn't know how to behave yourself, I should have gone with you to watch you. What have you been doing?"

"Wh, you see the preacher was telling the children if they didn't do better the earth could open and swallow them up, like it did to the wicked people in the Bible, and he said he could come at that time see the mountains splitting open and the valleys licking out their tongues."

Tommy stopped at this point, as if uncertain about further progress.

"Well," said his mother, anxiously, "did you say anything?"

"Yesum."

"What?"

"Rais! An! I said it so loud they fired me right out!"—*Merchant Traveler*.

A story is going the rounds of an estimable young gentleman who is something of a practical joker. Not long ago he discovered, while promading on North Pearl Street, the driver of a closed horse-drawn carriage, silently opened the door of the carriage, and closing it with a loud snap, addressed an imaginary person within, and politely doffing his hat, promised to call soon. The driver had meanwhile straightened up, and glancing hastily over his shoulder, perceived the wag smiling on his mistress, as he thought, and when that gentleman looked up at him and uttered the word "home" he took up the reins and speedily drove off. No one but the lady and the coachman will ever know what transpired after she crossed the threshold of the family mansion.

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